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SAVAGE TALES

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Dear Sirs,

I have just recently started to read your magazine, and I think it's very good. I especially liked "5th to the 1st." Sure wish you could find the room and the writer for something along the lines of a Delta Force, or a S.W.A.T.-type group. I understand, what do I know about running a magazine, but it's a suggestion, for all it's worth.

By the way, what's this I read about E.O.D.'s being crazy? You may have us confused with the Rangers.

Scott Iron
176th U.S. Army E.O.D. Det.
Ft. Richardson, AK

P.S. I will give up E.O.D. when they bury my scattered remains.

Dear SAVAGE TALES,

Once again I write you. Again I give my harangue against the pig (M-60 machine gun). I mean, even though it's chrome-plated and it's hauled around by an amazon in black lace and riding boots, one cannot deny these pointers: 1) It weights, empty, twenty-three lbs., and it's awkward as hell to assault with. 2) To field-strip and clean the M-60, one has to disassemble it into its twenty-three different assemblies and then lovingly clean it, each and every piece. Even then, it tends to jam. Let's give our lady something *good* to blow away signs with.

Again, more comments about our models—outstanding! Could we have a story with them featured? I know that artists use real people as models, is this true for our cover girls? If so, who are they? (Never mind, I'm drooling now so skip the last question.)

Got a question. Would it be possible to do a Navy of 'Nam story? For example, the Goldsborough (DDG-20) sat off 'Nam, and would empty her magazines and then reload overnight to go out and empty them again. Other people than just grunts were over there!

About SAVAGE TALES #4, "5th to the 1st" was outstanding, as usual! "Blood 'n' Gutz" got a little incoherent, but otherwise, the issue was good, good, good!

Yours,
Thomas A. Bravard, Gmm2 USN
2nd Div
USS Goldsborough (DDG-20)
FPO San Francisco

P.S. To the 'Nam vets who sneer at me and say I don't know combat, Beirut is not a fun place!

I *like* the M-60. I can't explain it. A friend of mine has a chopped pan-head that spends more time in pieces on his living room floor than it spends on the road, but would he trade it in on a brand-new maintenance-free Honda? No way!

William Johnson is working on a story about our cover girls, and we'll do a Navy 'Nam story as soon as we find somebody who can write one!

Dear Savage,

I really love your mag. I can't wait to run down to the Stop 'n' Go to see if they have in the next issue. Keep up the good work. Love the artwork.

Neil Rome
Memphis, TN

P.S. Love your cover designs.

Dear Sir,

Is it possible to get ahold of SAVAGE TALES #2? I would really appreciate it.

Thank you,
Timothy James Sarvey
St. Michaels, MD

Sorry, T.J., but you'll have to dig it up on your own at a comics shop. We're completely

out of that issue, too, but as a rule, we don't sell back issues anyway. Good luck.

We had been under fire for three days straight. My post must've had a ton of shrapnel stickin' in it. I was gettin' tired of my M-16 jammin' on me. Just 'bout ready to quit this damn war, when this mag comes flyin' on to my face from the breeze. Said SAVAGE TALES on the front, so I figured it must be good. Front cover of an airborne boy wasn't half bad. Read the inside and, well, to say the least, I was so pleased I chucked a couple of grenades over the sand bags. The art was explosive and the writing handled with the care of great strategists. The entire mag lifted my spirits. Well, back to battle.

Mike Silvir
The jungles of El Salvador, among other holes.

Sure, Mike, but the postmark was from Syracuse. But, glad you like.

Dear Tales and Co.,

I really love "Escort Service." I can't wait to see the expression on Blood's face after they get home. The "Good Ol' Boys" was fairly good. I'd like to see SAVAGE TALES #5. Don't you dare move those pencils! I'm standing at Crown Books with a timer.

Jason Alexander
California

SAVAGE TALES:

I think this is the best magazine around. I've got all the issues, and they are all excellent. I wrote to compliment you on your great job on #4.

First of all I'd like to say that the cover was great. "5th to the 1st: the Sniper" was not as good as the first one, but it was still good.

The continuing "Good Ol' Boys" was the best one yet. "Blood 'n' Gutz" was great. "Courage Under Fire" was also great.

I never liked stories about cowboys, but "Pistolero" changed my mind. "Object Lesson" was excellent. "'G'-Forces" was the best.

The only complaint I have is "Skywarriors." Compared to the other stories, it was boring.

I have two ideas for stories. One is a sea battle. The other is a ninja story, because nothing can be more savage than ninjas.

Robert Daniels
Germansville, PA

Dear Mr. Trimpe,

This short note is just to compliment you on your "Skywarriors" series in SAVAGE TALES. What a good read! You seem to have changed your art style, and I must tell you that it looks great. The writing is also very good, as I have a good idea of just what makes each of the characters tick.

Finally, let me say that your renderings of the aircraft are particularly outstanding. Keep up the excellent work!

Mike Fisher
Augusta, GA

Dear Savages,

I loved #2. Suydam's cover was great; I'm looking forward to seeing his work again. Armando Gil's frontispiece was better than his work in SSOC. Will he be doing a story anytime in the future? Jungkuntz' "Blood 'n' Gutz" is a real winner. I hope that "Skywarriors" will be around for some time. I'm hoping "5th to the 1st" will be back in #4.

What are the chances of Geof Isherwood and Chuck Dixon doing some work here?

When can we expect to see something on your two mascots? I have only one request for something I'd rather you *not do*, I'm tired of WW II stories.

Derrick Moore
Riverdale, GA

Armando will be inking over Mike Golden on 'Nam, a new color monthly, so we reckon he'll be too busy to do much of anything else for us. Isherwood, no, but Dixon, yes. Dixon will be writing quite a bit.

Dear Savages,

I really liked SAVAGE TALES #3. I liked "Skywarriors: Gabriel," but "Good Ol' Boys" really ticked me off. When I saw Tyrone's dog get killed, I went straight to the next chapter. But I wanted to see what happened to Smoker. I practically jumped up and down when he got beat at his own game!

Whoever does your cover (and inside front and back covers) is great!

I like all the "shoot this, blow that up" comics, such as G.I. JOE and THE PUNISHER. But, Savages, I tell the truth, this beats 'em both! You guys go out with a bang!

Clint Weisgerler
Mount Carmel

P.S. Hey Larry, I must be a grown-up too. I don't live in a comic book stand. Close enough!

Dear Larry,

I think I'm in love!

I just bought my first issue of SAVAGE TALES and did so because of the great-lookin' ladies on the front cover! And the brunette in the tall boots . . . wow! Boy, would I like to spin her spurs!

I read in the mag that others are asking for a story with these gals as the stars. Add my name to the list. But how 'bout if you make it a regular? You'd have a customer for life. And be sure to use Jusko for the artist. He's nothin' but *great!*

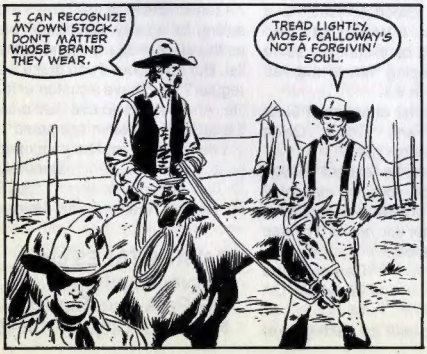
Wish you the best for your mag.

Sincerely,
R.I.P.
A New Reader in Des Moines

SAVAGE TALES c/o
Marvel Comics
387 Park Ave. South
New York City, NY 10016

THE REGULATOR

EVENIN', COLE. GOT YOUR HANDS FULL WITH THAT FENCE, EH?
MIGHT BE, ARMISTAD. LITTLE LATE TO BE OUT COLLECTIN' STRAYS.
STORY: CHARLES DIXON / ART: JOHN BUSCEMA



BA-BOOM-OOM!
HOMER! OH NO!

BA-BOOM-OOM!

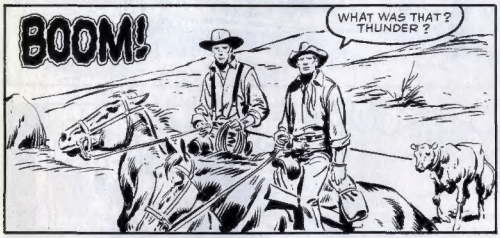
HYUK! CENTER SHOTS, BOTH!
KLIK! SHAK!

YOU'RE A GOSH A'MIGHTY GOOD SHOOTER, MR. TAPINGER!
THANKS, GULLY.

WHERE TO NOW, MR. TAPINGER?
BACK TO THE CALLOWAY RANCH... TO SEE YOUR BOSS.
LATER THAT EVENING...
EXCELLENT WORK, MAN. I FEEL SO MUCH BETTER NOW THAT THE VILLAINS WHO PREY ON MY STOCK GET THEIR COMEUPPANCE!
UH-HUH.
I'VE HUNTED GAME ALL OVER THE WORLD, TAPINGER, BUT I ENVY YOU. YOU HUNT MEN. IT MUST BE A VERY FASCINATING PROFESSION!
IT HAS ITS MOMENTS.
WELL, I GOTTA TURN IN, SIR LUTHER. GULLY'N ME FOUND SOME SIGNS OVER THE SOUTH CREEK, NEED AN EARLY START.
UH... CERTAINLY... BY ALL MEANS.

FIRST THING WE GOTTA DO IS MIX THEM CALLOWAY DOGS IN WITH OURS.
SOONER THE BETTER. I DON'T LIKE RUSTLIN' FROM THAT ENGLISHMAN. I HEARD HE'S HIRED A STOCK DETECTIVE!
STOCK DETECTIVE? AND WHAT'S HE GONNA DO? COME UP HERE AND ARREST US?
BOOM-OOM!
UKK!!
WHERE IS HE? WHERE'S HE SHOOTIN' FROM?!!
BOOM-OOM!
BOOM!
HE'S KILLED JOHNNY!
NEVER MIND THAT! RUN FOR COVER!!

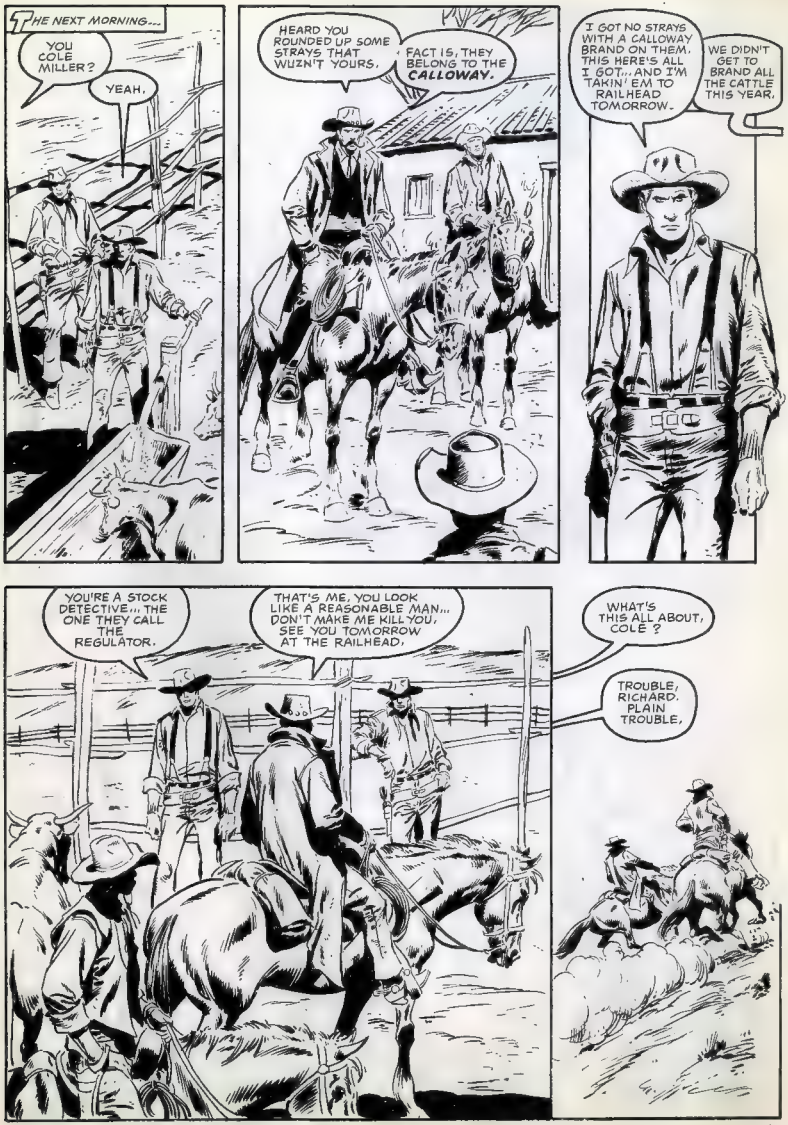
COVER YOUR EARS GULLY.
YES, MR. TAPINGER.


BOOM!
WHAT WAS THAT? THUNDER?

NO. NOT THUNDER.

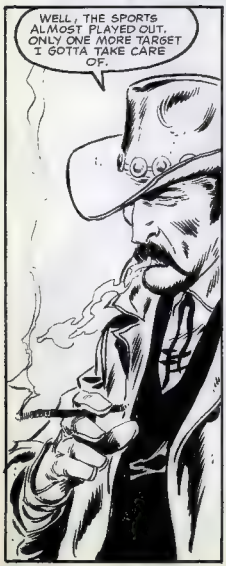
YOU DID FOR THEM, MR. TAPINGER! YOU SURELY DID!
GET SOME DROVERS FROM THE CALLOWAY. WE'LL HERD THESE HEAD BACK.

THESE BOYS WON'T BE OBJECTING!

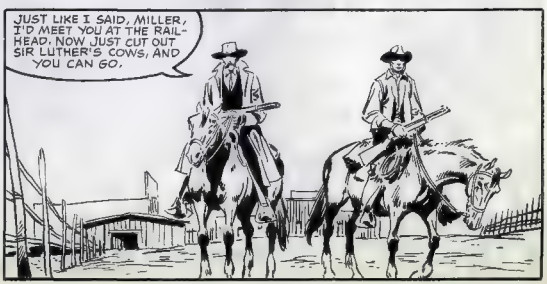

THE NEXT MORNING...
YOU COLE MILLER?
YEAH.
HEARD YOU ROUNDED UP SOME STRAYS THAT WUZN'T YOURS.
FACT IS, THEY BELONG TO THE CALLOWAY.
I GOT NO STRAYS WITH A CALLOWAY BRAND ON THEM. THIS HERE'S ALL I GOT... AND I'M TAKIN' 'EM TO RAILHEAD TOMORROW.
WE DIDN'T GET TO BRAND ALL THE CATTLE THIS YEAR.
YOU'RE A STOCK DETECTIVE... THE ONE THEY CALL THE REGULATOR.
THAT'S ME. YOU LOOK LIKE A REASONABLE MAN... DON'T MAKE ME KILL YOU. SEE YOU TOMORROW AT THE RAILHEAD.
WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, COLE?
TROUBLE, RICHARD. PLAIN TROUBLE.

LATER THAT DAY...
I EXPECT A BONUS. YOU GOT A HUNDRED HEAD OTHER THAN YOUR OWN WHEN WE TOOK OUT THE BLACKBURN CROWD.
YOU'LL GET YOUR MONEY, AND MORE!

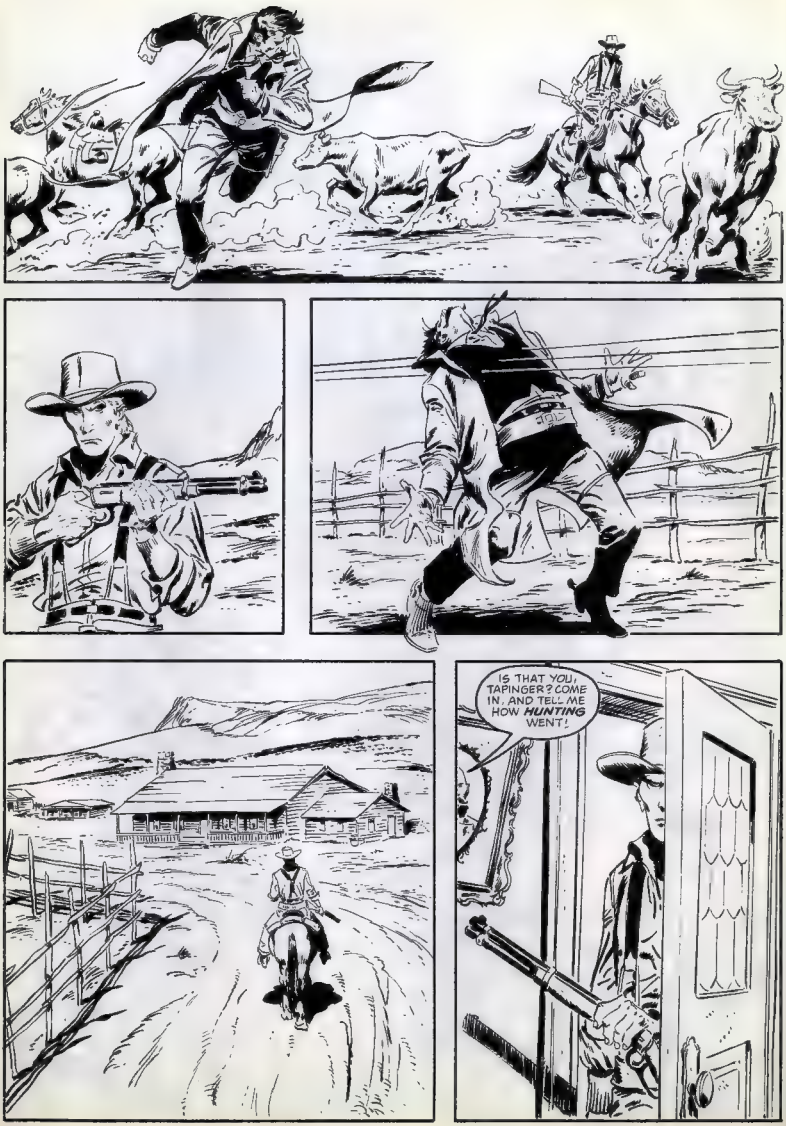
I DON'T REALLY CARE ABOUT THE CATTLE AS MUCH AS THE SPORT. IT'S A GRAND GAME YOU PLAY. IN JUST TWO MONTHS, I'VE SO MANY TROPHIES.
UH-HUH.


WELL, THE SPORTS ALMOST PLAYED OUT. ONLY ONE MORE TARGET I GOTTA TAKE CARE OF.

THE NEXT MORNING...
YOU WERE RIGHT, COLE,,, TROUBLE.
UH?


JUST LIKE I SAID, MILLER, I'D MEET YOU AT THE RAIL-HEAD. NOW JUST CUT OUT SIR LUTHER'S COWS, AND YOU CAN GO.

ALL THESE COWS ARE MINE. I NEED EVERY CENT FROM 'EM. IF YOU WANT 'EM, YOU GOTTA TAKE 'EM.
AND I WILL. THESE ARE OWNERSHIP PAPERS DESCRIBING SOME OF THEM COWS YOU GOT THERE. YOU GONNA FIGHT THE LAW BOY.
THE LAW! YOU AIN'T NOTHIN' BUT A RUSTLER WITH THE LAW ON YOUR SIDE!
BOOM
BLAM! BLAM!
NEEEEEEEHH!!
BLAM! BLAM!

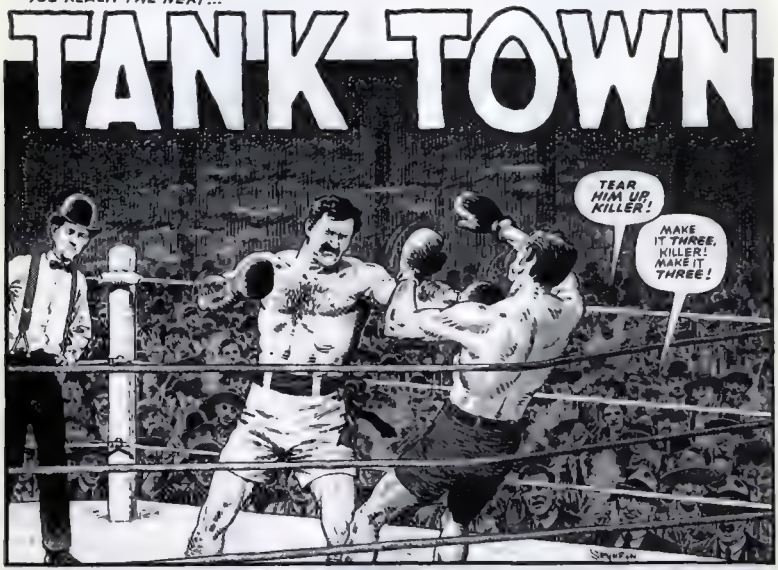

IS THAT YOU, TAPINGER? COME IN, AND TELL ME HOW *HUNTING* WENT!

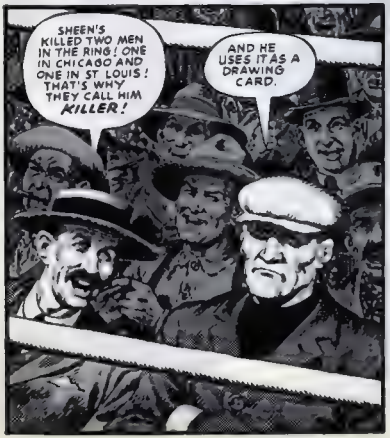
YOU! WHO ARE YOU? I DEMAND TO KNOW YOUR BUSINESS, MAN!
WELL?! WHO ARE YOU?!
MOSES
ARMIST
LONNIE
ARMIST
LESTI
BLAC
IF YOU WANT ONE OF MY MEN, THEY'RE ALL AT THE RAILHEAD!
LESTER BLACKBURN
BILL BLACKBURN
JIM BLACKBUR
COLE MILLER
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
KINDA COUNTIN' YOUR CHICKENS, WEREN'T YOU, SIR LUTHER?
FIN

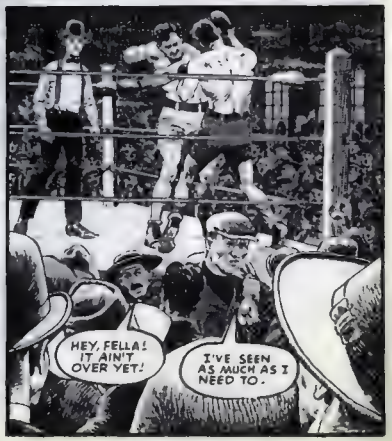
BY DON KRAAR AND JOHN SEVERIN

LEADVILLE, COLORADO, 1909 -- ANOTHER WHISTLE STOP ALONG THE RAILS WHERE STEAM LOCOMOTIVES TAKE ON WATER AND PUG FIGHTERS WHO RIDE THE RAILS TAKE ON THE NEXT MATCH. WHERE VICTORY MEANS A PURSE AND ANOTHER MATCH ON THE CIRCUIT AND DEFEAT MEANS A FLOP HOUSE AND A MEAL AT SOME DO GOODER'S SOUP KITCHEN IF YOU'RE LUCKY. AND THEN THERE'S ANOTHER RIDE UNDERNEATH A BOXCAR UNTIL YOU REACH THE NEXT...

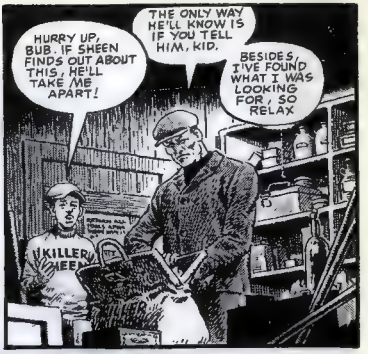
TANK TOWN




SHEEN'S KILLED TWO MEN IN THE RING! ONE IN CHICAGO AND ONE IN ST. LOUIS! THAT'S WHY THEY CALL HIM KILLER!
AND HE USES IT AS A DRAWING CARD.



HEY KID, I'VE GOT A BUSINESS PROPOSITION FOR YOU!
LET ME LOOK IN SHEEN'S KIT AND I'LL MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE!
DOUBLE THAT AND I MIGHT TAKE YOU UP.
TOOLSHED 1
KILLER SHEEN

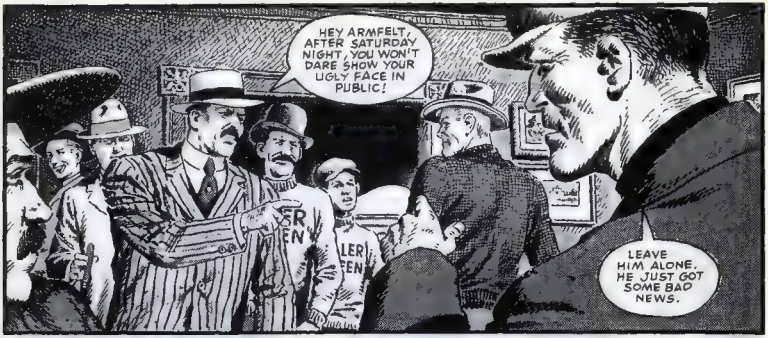

HURRY UP, BUB. IF SHEEN FINDS OUT ABOUT THIS, HE'LL TAKE ME APART!
THE ONLY WAY HE'LL KNOW IS IF YOU TELL HIM, KID.
BESIDES, I'VE FOUND WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR, SO RELAX
KILLER SHEEN

COME ON, ED, JUST ONE MORE! YOU KNOW I'M GOOD FOR IT!
THE WAY YOU'RE SLIDIN', GRIFF, THAT'S A LONG WAY FROM A SURE THING!
GO ON, POUR. IT'S ON ME.

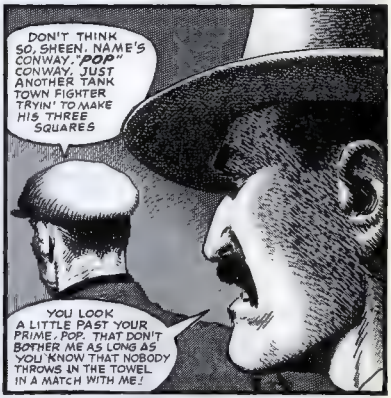
THANKS, POP. THANKS.
SAY, DON'T I KNOW YOU FROM SOMEWHERE? YOU'RE A FIGHTER, AIN'T YOU?
YEAH. AN' I NEED SOMEONE TO WRAP MY HANDS FOR A FIGHT SATURDAY NIGHT. IT COULD KEEP YOU IN DRINKS FOR A MONTH.

YOU'RE ON, POP!
I'D BE WORRIED, TOO, IF I WAS FIGHTING KILLER SHEEN SATURDAY NIGHT, ARMFELT.
YEAH... HEY! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

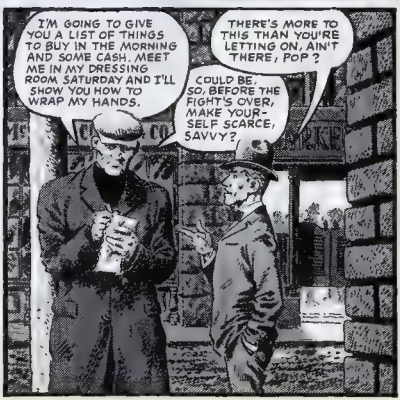
FIGHTING SHEEN'S A LOSING PROPOSITION FOR YOU. YOU'LL NEVER COLLECT THAT PURSE. LET ME TAKE YOUR PLACE.
YOU'LL MAKE $500 WITH NO SWEAT.


HEY ARMFELT, AFTER SATURDAY NIGHT, YOU WON'T DARE SHOW YOUR UGLY FACE IN PUBLIC!
LEAVE HIM ALONE. HE JUST GOT SOME BAD NEWS.

THERE'S A DEATH IN THE FAMILY. SO, I'M TAKING HIS PLACE ON THE CARD SATURDAY NIGHT, IF YOU DON'T MIND.
I DON'T MIND. IT'S YOUR FUNERAL.
HAVEN'T I SEEN YOU SOMEWHERE BEFORE, MISTER?


DON'T THINK SO, SHEEN. NAME'S CONWAY. "POP" CONWAY. JUST ANOTHER TANK TOWN FIGHTER TRYIN' TO MAKE HIS THREE SQUARES
YOU LOOK A LITTLE PAST YOUR PRIME, POP. THAT DON'T BOTHER ME AS LONG AS YOU KNOW THAT NOBODY THROWS IN THE TOWEL IN A MATCH WITH ME!

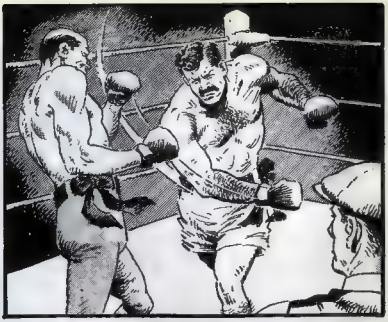
I'LL HOLD YOU TO THAT, SHEEN.
COME ON, GRIFF.


I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A LIST OF THINGS TO BUY IN THE MORNING AND SOME CASH. MEET ME IN MY DRESSING ROOM SATURDAY AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO WRAP MY HANDS.
THERE'S MORE TO THIS THAN YOU'RE LETTING ON, AIN'T THERE, POP?
COULD BE. SO, BEFORE THE FIGHT'S OVER, MAKE YOURSELF SCARCE, SAVVY?

SATURDAY NIGHT...
YOU DID A GOOD JOB ON THE HANDS, GRIFF. HOP A RIDE ON THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN TO DENVER AND STAY GONE TILL THIS BLOWS OVER.
YEAH, POP I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, BUT YOU'VE GOTTA GET BY SHEEN, FIRST
I TOLD YOU THOSE TIGHTS WERE A LITTLE OLD FASHIONED, POP!
AFTER TONIGHT, IT WON'T MATTER.
ALL RIGHT, SHAKE HANDS AND COME OUT FIGHTING.
IT'S YOUR FUNERAL, POP!
I'D SWEAR BY ALL THE SAINTS I'VE SEEN THAT LONG DRINK OF WATER BEFORE!
LOOK AT THAT REACH...
WHAP!
FIRST BLOOD, YOU WALKING CADAVER!
CLOP!

STICK 'IM AGAIN, SHEEN!
MAKE IT THREE, SHEEN! MAKE IT THREE!
FOLD 'IM IN HALF SO WE CAN STICK 'IM IN A NORMAL SIZED COFFIN!
THUMP THUMP
THUMP!
THERE'S LIFE IN THE OLD BOY YET!
HOK!
END OF ROUND ONE! GO TO YOUR CORNERS!
NOW YOU KNOW HOW IT FEELS, SHEEN.
CLANG!
CLANG!
THAT REACH THAT REACH... NOW I KNOW WHO YOU ARE!
THEN KEEP IT TO YOURSELF.
CLANG! CLANG!

THIS IS GOING TO BE A SHORT NIGHT'S WORK, OLD TIMER.
CLANG! CLANG!

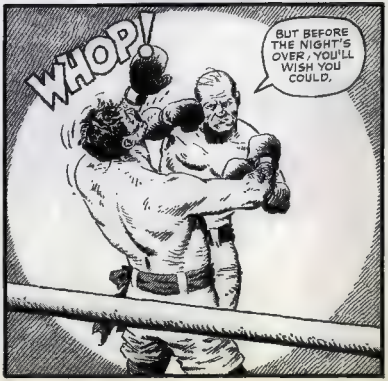


GO ON, OLD TIMER. MAKE SHEEN BLEED A LITTLE!
I'VE SEEN THAT OLD GUY BEFORE! I'D SWEAR IT!
THOK!

GET READY FOR A LONG NIGHT'S WORK, SHEEN. ONE OF US WON'T BE WALKING OUT OF THIS RING.
CLANG!
THUMP!

18

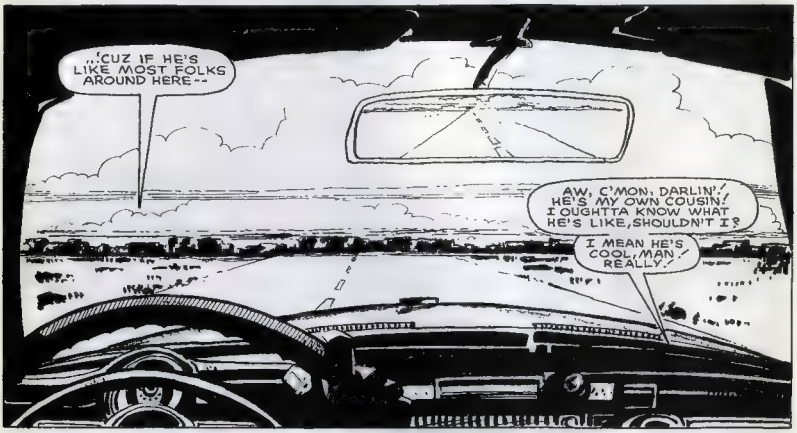
WHO ARE YOU, MISTER?
IT'LL COST YOU TO FIND OUT, SHEEN. JUST REMEMBER, NOBODY THROWS IN THE TOWEL IN A MATCH WITH YOU.


WHOP!
BUT BEFORE THE NIGHT'S OVER, YOU'LL WISH YOU COULD.

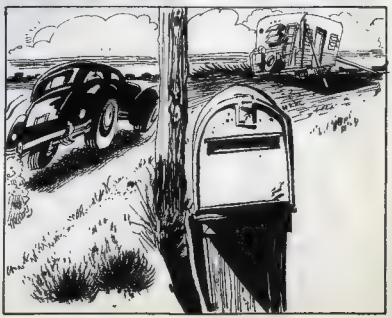
35
CLANG! CLANG!
WHO ARE YOU?
THAT QUESTION IS EATING YOU ALIVE, ISN'T IT, KILLER?
THE ANSWER'S GOING TO COST YOU...
WAK!
...A LITTLE MORE SWEAT...
THUNK!
KRUNCH!
...AND A LITTLE MORE BLOOD.
THAT KID YOU KILLED BACK IN ST. LOUIS, CORY McPHERSON, REMEMBER?
McPHERSON? YOU'RE...
THAT'S RIGHT! YOU'VE GOT IT!
NO... NO...

YOU'VE GOT IT!
KRAK!
KRAK!
HE'S DEAD! YOU KILLED HIM!
JUST WHAT'S IN THOSE GLOVES MISTER?
TAKE HIS OFF FIRST!
GOOD GOSH A'MIGHTY! HIS HANDS ARE WRAPPED IN PLASTER OF PARIS AND HE'S GOT SACKS OF LEAD SHOT IN HIS PALMS!
I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO MAKE YOURSELF SCARCE BEFORE THIS WAS OVER.
I COULDN'T RUN OUT ON JAKE'THE REACH'MCPHERSON! I SAW YOU GO FORTY ROUNDS WITH JOHN L. SULLIVAN WHEN I WAS A KID!
THAT BOY SHEEN KILLED IN ST. LOUIS WAS YOUR SON, WASN'T IT?
I COULD ACCEPT HIS DEATH IN THE RING...
...BUT NOT SHEEN USING IT AS A DRAWING CARD.
CONWAY... OR SHOULD I CALL YOU MCPHERSON... I STILL WANT TO SEE WHAT'S IN THOSE GLOVES!
SHEEN MADE HIS FISTS INTO HAMMERS TO USE ON FIGHTERS WHO WOULDN'T DARE SAY ANYTHING ABOUT IT, WHILE GUYS LIKE YOU LOOKED THE OTHER WAY.
BUT, IF YOU WANT TO TAKE A LOOK AT THESE GLOVES, I TELL YOU WHAT TO DO...
KILLER SHEEN
... JUST LAY ME OUT ALONGSIDE SHEEN AND MAKE SURE I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANY MORE ARGUMENT THAN HE CAN.

"SPREE TIME!"
...SURE HE'S GOT THE MONEY?
STEVE SKEATES AND WALTER BROGAN


...'CUZ IF HE'S LIKE MOST FOLKS AROUND HERE--
AW, C'MON, DARLIN'! HE'S MY OWN COUSIN! I OUGHTTA KNOW WHAT HE'S LIKE, SHOULDN'T I?
I MEAN HE'S COOL, MAN! REALLY!

HE WON'T LET US DOWN! YOU'LL SEE! THE TWO OF YOU ARE GONNA HIT IT OFF JUS' FINE!
YEH!
SURE!



WELL, I'LL BE--/
MOLLY/ GET YER TAIL OUT HERE A SECOND/ YOU'RE NOT GONNA BELIEVE THIS/
SALUTATIONS, COUSIN-A-MINE/ LONG TIME NO SEE/
YOU'RE QUITE A WAYS FROM HOME, AIN'T YUH, CRISSY?
YEP/ BUT I WANTED YOU TWO TO MEET MARC/
WE'RE SORT'A ENGAGED, Y'KNOW/
ENGAGED?? BUT YOU'RE ONLY--
HONESTLY, JIM/ WE DON'T HAVE TO STAND AROUND OUT HERE, DO WE? 'SPECIALLY WHEN IT'S FAMILY. WHERE ARE YOUR MANNERS?
OKAY, OKAY/ DON'T HAFTA BITE MY HEAD OFF/
C'MON, KIDS/ LET'S GIT OUT FROM UNDER THIS SUN. NOT THAT IT'S ANY COOLER INSIDE/
THIS PLACE CAN'T HOLD ME/ I GOT TOO MUCH TO OFFER/ CRISSY TOO.
WE GOT'TA GIT OUT/
WE GOT ALL SORTS OF TALENT/ BUT TALENT AIN'T WORTH NOTHING IN THE STICKS/
ALL THEY LET YOU DO AROUND HERE IS BREAK YOUR BACK/
I COULD EVEN BECOME A ROCK STAR/ I MEAN/ IT
CRISSY TOO/ SHE'S GOT A GREAT VOICE/
2

WE'RE GONNA MAKE IT BIG, MAN./ I KNOW WE WILL./ BUT WHAT WE NEED, SEE, IS SOME FRONT MONEY./ SOMETHING TO TIDE US OVER 'TILL WE--
SO--THAT'S THE REAL REASON YOU'RE HERE./ I SHOULDA KNOWN THIS WASN'T NO SOCIAL CALL./
NOW, JIM...

GUESS I CAN'T BLAME YUH FOR BEIN' SORE, PAL, SEEIN' AS YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW ME./ BUT I WAS DESPERATE./ AND CRISSY SAID YOU WAS COOL./
AN' ONCE WE GET SET UP IN L.A. OR FRISCO OR WHEREVER, WE'LL SEND BACK THE MONEY AS SOON AS WE CAN./ YOU CAN COUNT ON THAT./
NOW, WAIT A MINUTE./ YOU AND CRISSY? AREN'T YOU FORGETTING SOMETHING? SHE'S NOT EVEN FIFTEEN./
YOU MUST BE CRAZY./ CHARLIE'S NOT ABOUT TO LET HIS DAUGH--

YEH, MAYBE I AM CRAZY./

...OR LEASTWAYS I WAS, THINKIN' YOU'D BE ANY DIFFERENT./ YOU'RE JUS' LIKE HER OLD MAN! JUS' LIKE ALL OF 'EM./
YOU DESERVE JUS' WHAT THEY GOT./

WHAT IN THE--?
OH MY GOD./

I GOT NOTHIN' TO LOSE, PAL./ DON'T EVEN CARE ABOUT THE MONEY ANYMORE./ JUS' CARE THAT I'M SICK OF EVERY-ONE PUSHIN' ME AROUND./
TELLIN' ME WHAT TO DO./
3

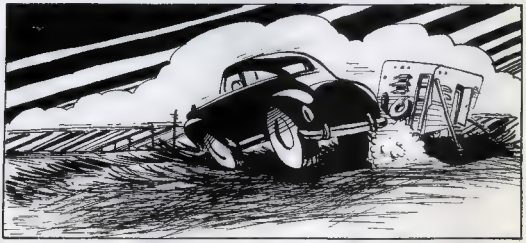
N-NOW, P-PUT THAT THING AWAY! Y-YOU--
JIM, D-DO SOMETHING!
YOU FIRST, LADY

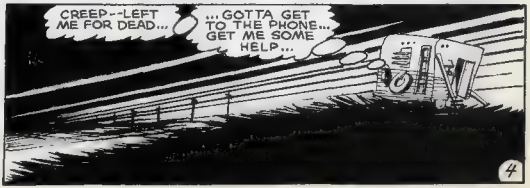
YORE SQUEEKY VOICE IS REALLY GETTIN' ON MY NERVES!

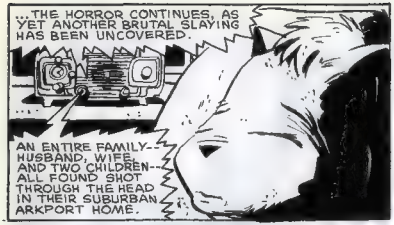
OH MY!

YOU SON OF A GUN! I'LL--
YOU'LL DO NOTHIN!
...'CEPT DIE!

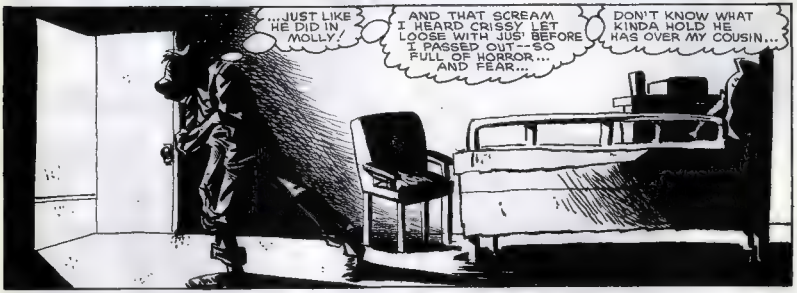
EEEEEEYOWW!
SHUT-UP, BABY! WE AIN'T GOT TIME FER THAT! WE GOTTA GIT OUTTA HERE!

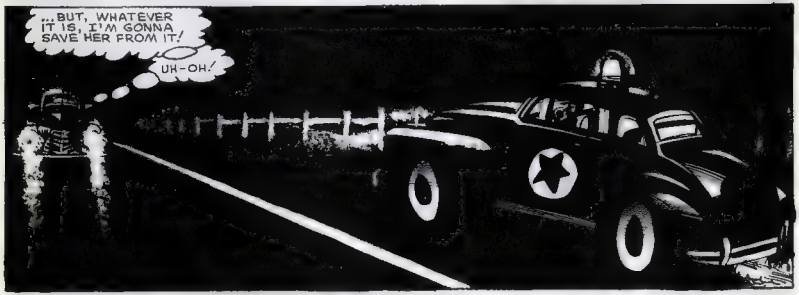



CREEP--LEFT ME FOR DEAD...
...GOTTA GET TO THE PHONE... GET ME SOME HELP...
4

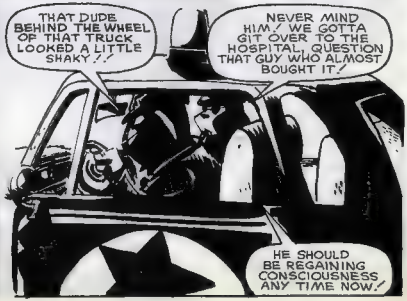

...THE HORROR CONTINUES, AS YET ANOTHER BRUTAL SLAYING HAS BEEN UNCOVERED...
AN ENTIRE FAMILY--HUSBAND, WIFE, AND TWO CHILDREN--ALL FOUND SHOT THROUGH THE HEAD IN THEIR SUBURBAN ARKPORT HOME.

...POLICE SPECULATE THAT THIS EXECUTION OCCURRED SOON AFTER THE BRUTAL MURDER OF CHARLES SLATER...
IT'S TRUE THEN./ HE DID KILL MY UNCLE... AND A WHOLE 'NOTHER FAMILY BESIDES...


...JUST LIKE HE DID IN MOLLY./
AND THAT SCREAM I HEARD CRISSY LET LOOSE WITH JUS' BEFORE I PASSED OUT--SO FULL OF HORROR... AND FEAR...
DON'T KNOW WHAT KINDA HOLD HE HAS OVER MY COUSIN...


...BUT, WHATEVER IT IS, I'M GONNA SAVE HER FROM IT./
UH-OH./

WHEW./ THAT WAS CLOSE./
CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE THE COPS STOP ME NOW, SEEIN' AS I BORROWED THIS TRUCK FROM OUTSIDE THE HOSPITAL./
NICE OF WHOEVER OWNS IT TO LEAVE THE KEYS IN 'ER./


THAT DUDE BEHIND THE WHEEL OF THAT TRUCK LOOKED A LITTLE SHAKY./
NEVER MIND HIM./ WE GOTTA GIT OVER TO THE HOSPITAL QUESTION THAT GUY WHO ALMOST BOUGHT IT./
HE SHOULD BE REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS ANY TIME NOW./

SAID THEY WERE HEADIN' OUT TO THE COAST!
SO AT LEAST I KNOW THE GENERAL DIRECTION THEY TOOK.
EH? WHAT'S THIS?
MUST'VE BEEN ANOTHER MURDER!
BUT IF THEY EXPECT TO CATCH THE KILLER, THEY'RE HEADED IN THE WRONG DIRECTION! THOSE TWO ARE PROBABLY LONG GONE BY NOW!
BUT AT LEAST THIS TELLS ME I PICKED THE RIGHT ROUTE.
IT'S THEM!
SURE DON'T HAFTA WORRY ABOUT THEM RECOGNIZING THIS STOLEN TRUCK BUT I DON'T WANNA GIT SO CLOSE THEY SEE WHO'S DRIVIN'!
WELL, WELL, ANOTHER LITTLE STOP!
6

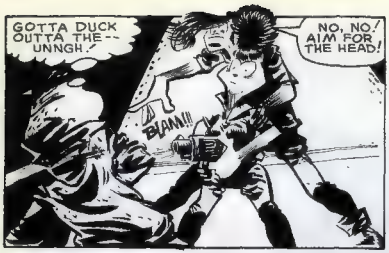
NOT SURE HOW I'M GONNA PLAY THIS./
BUT FIRST I'D BETTER CHECK IT OUT./
...SEE WHERE THEY'RE SITUATED ...WHAT MY BEST PLAN IS GONNA BE./

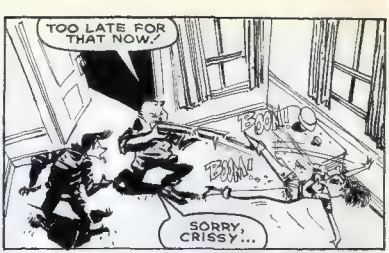
PLEASE./ WE'LL GIVE YOU MONEY--ANYTHING YOU WANT./
'PPEARS WE'RE GONNA GIT WHATEVER WE WANT ANYWAY./
WHADDAYA SAY, CRISSY? IT'S UP TO YOU./

I SAY, QUIT WASTIN' TIME AND DO IT./
DO IT! DO IT!
KRAK
KRAK
YOU HEARD THE LITTLE LADY...
...AND YOU KNOW HOW US YOUNG STUDS ARE ALLUS TRYIN' TUH PLEASE OUR LADIES./

EEEEEEEEEYOWW!
CRISSY'S SCREAMING AGAIN...
...BUT I WAS WRONG...
...IT'S NOT A SCREAM OF HORROR...
...IT'S A SHRIEK OF DELIGHT./
7

YOU REALLY DIG THIS, DON'TCHA, BABY?
BANG!
YES, YES, OH YES INDEEDY!
HERE/ LET ME HOLD IT, FEEL ITS WARMTH.
SAVOR THE MOMENT, CRISSY...CUZ ONE MOMENT IS ALL YOU'RE GONNA GIT.
WHA--?
THOUGHT YOU LEFT ME FOR DEAD, DIDN'T YOU?
DON'T JUST STAND THERE, CRISSY/ SHOOT 'IM/ KILL 'IM/
UH-OH/ SHE'S GOT THE GUN/
DIDN'T FIGURE ON THIS/
WANTED TO GIT HIM, NOT HER/ SHE'S MY OWN COUSIN/ HOW CAN I--
OOP/ SHE'S GONNA DO IT/
8

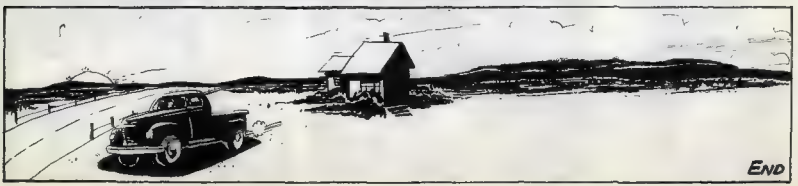

GOTTA DUCK OUTTA THE-- UNNGH!
NO, NO! AIM FOR THE HEAD!
BLAM!!!


TOO LATE FOR THAT NOW!
BOOM!!
BOOM!!
SORRY, CRISSY!...

BUT YOU JUST WEREN'T ANYTHING THAT DESERVED TO LIVE! NOT ANYMORE!
AS FOR YOU, MARC, I AIN'T ONE BIT SORRY ABOUT THIS!

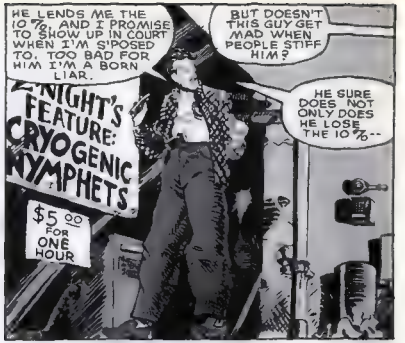
BLAM
BOOM!

I MAY NOT HAVE LOVED MOLLY ANYMORE! FACT IS, YOU DONE ME A FAVOR BY KILLIN' HER!
STILL, THERE ARE SOME THINGS YOU JUST AIN'T SUPPOSED TO LET ANYONE GIT AWAY WITH!

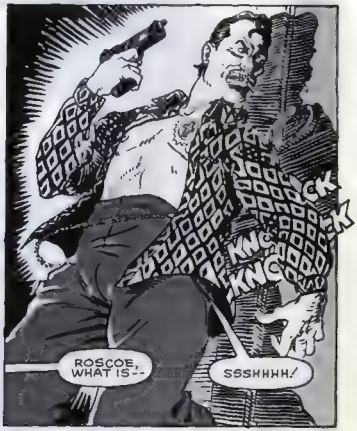

END

CRISS CROSS
BY JOHN ARCUDI & BY VINCENT WALLER
HOTEL
HOURLY RATES
JET COPIER
WASHING
OKAY, HONEY, LE'S GET DOWN TO SOME REAL FUN, 'EY?
Thi-Face
water
cup-$3
pint-$5
BUT I JUST DON'T GET IT, ROSC. IF THE COPS CAUGHT YOU, HOW COME YOU'RE OUT AGAIN?
AIN'T CHU EVER HEARD OF BAIL BABY?

MAGIC
ASSAGE
$2 00
SURE, I'VE HEARD OF BAIL, BUT YOU HAVE TO PAY AT LEAST 10 % OF IT TO BE RELEASED, AND EVEN 10 % OF ANYTHING IS A LOT MORE THAN YOU GOT.
WHICH IS WHY THE LORD CREATED THE BAIL BONDSMAN.


HE LENDS ME THE 10 % AND I PROMISE TO SHOW UP IN COURT WHEN I'M S'POSED TO. TOO BAD FOR HIM I'M A BORN LIAR.
BUT DOESN'T THIS GUY GET MAD WHEN PEOPLE STIFF HIM?
HE SURE DOES. NOT ONLY DOES HE LOSE THE 10 %--
TONIGHT'S FEATURE: CRYOGENIC NYMPHETS
$5 00 FOR ONE HOUR

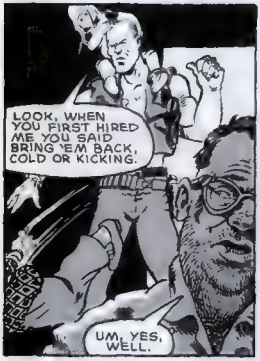
BUT HE'S GOTTA PAY THE OTHER 90 % OF THE BAIL, AND THE ONLY WAY HE GETS ANY OF IT BACK, IS IF HE BRINGS ME BACK.
AND REGULATIONS OF THE NEW YORK CITY BOARD OF HEALTH
KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK


KNOCK
KNOCK
ROSCOE, WHAT IS--
SSSHHHH./

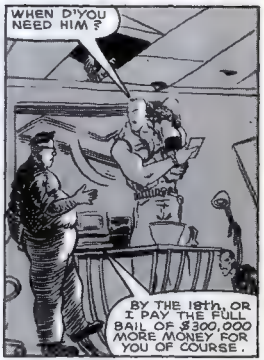
2

MISTER, MY MOMMA FELL DOWN AND WON'T WAKE UP!
WELL, WHAT CHU WANT ME TA DO? HELP YOU GO THROUGH HER POCKETS?
ROSCOE, HOW COULD YOU, SHE'S SCARED, GO SEE IF YOU CAN HELP THE POOR WOMAN.
SHEEZ, HOKAY. WOMEN! I SWEAR, LITTLE GIRL, IF WE GODDA CALL THE COPS, AND YOU SPOIL MY NIGHT CAUSE I HAVE TO SPLIT, I'LL--
WHUFF!
YOU'RE COMING QUIETLY, DEAD OR ALIVE.
3

BANE, GOOD TO SEE YOU. THIS IS THE THIRD LIVE ONE IN A ROW. SO MUCH EASIER TO EXPLAIN IN COURT THAN THOSE DEATH CERTIFICATES.
SUPER BOWL 47
RICHTER
BAIL BONDS


LOOK, WHEN YOU FIRST HIRED ME YOU SAID BRING 'EM BACK, COLD OR KICKING.
UM, YES, WELL.

UH, BANE, I KNOW YOU JUST BROUGHT ROSCOE HERE IN, AND I'M THANKFUL, BUT WELL, THIS GUY HERE IS HIGH PRIORITY, AND NO ONE ELSE WILL TAKE HIM.


WHEN D'YOU NEED HIM?
BY THE 18th, OR I PAY THE FULL BAIL OF $300,000 MORE MONEY FOR YOU OF COURSE.

THIS MAN IS VERY DANGEROUS BANE. THIS IS ONE CASE WHEN YOUR DAUGHTER MIGHT BE SAFER AT HO--

UH, NEVERMIND
4

YEAH, SURE, I SEEN HIM. BEEN SPENDING LOTS OF TIME AT SMILEY'S POOL HALL LATELY.
SO HOW ABOUT THIS BABY, MORE'N TWENTY YEARS OLD, AND I GOT HER LOOKIN' LIKE NEW. WASN'T EASY--
LATER CHARLIE, WE'RE IN A HURRY; IS SMILEY IN NOW?
POOL
SMILEY'S
HE SHOULD BE.
BANE, WHY D'YOU ALWAYS DRAG LITTLE TERI ALONG WHEN YOU HUNT DOWN THESE SKELLS? I MEAN, AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TO NORA--
DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT LITTLE TERROR HERE, SHE CAN HANDLE HERSELF.
RATS
GAME'S OVER GUYS, WE WANT A WORD WITH SMILEY, ALONE.
ALL RIGHT, MEN, SCRAM.
WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, BANE, AS IF I DIDN'T KNOW.
5

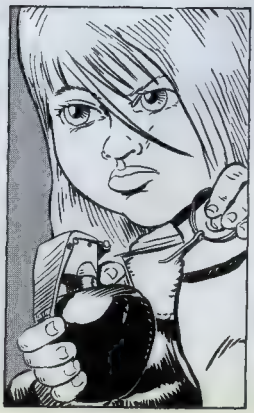
YOU KNOW WHERE THIS GUY IS?
EICHORN
WHY YES, I DO, AS A MATTER OF FACT, BUT WHY TELL YOU?
WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME?
WELL, LET'S SEE IF WE CAN'T SETTLE ON A FEE.
CLICK
WHAT'S IN IT FOR YOU? HOW 'BOUT I LET YOU LIVE?
6

UP TO ONE Y
IN PRISON
WASTING

THIS COULD GET NASTY. SO YOU STAY HERE. I'LL WALK THE REST OF THE WAY, AND DON'T GET OFF THE BIKE.

THIS IS GONNA BE THE EASIEST BIKE WE EVER NABBED.
DEAD

HEY LITTLE GIRL. A FRIEND OF OURS WANTS TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT SOME BRIDGEWORK HE LOST.
NYPD
JUST SHUT UP AND GRAB HER, WE'LL GET THE BIKE.



HEY, TAKE IT EASY KID. WE WERE JUST LEAVING.
YEAH, I THINK I HEAR MY PAROLE OFFICER CALLING ME.
7

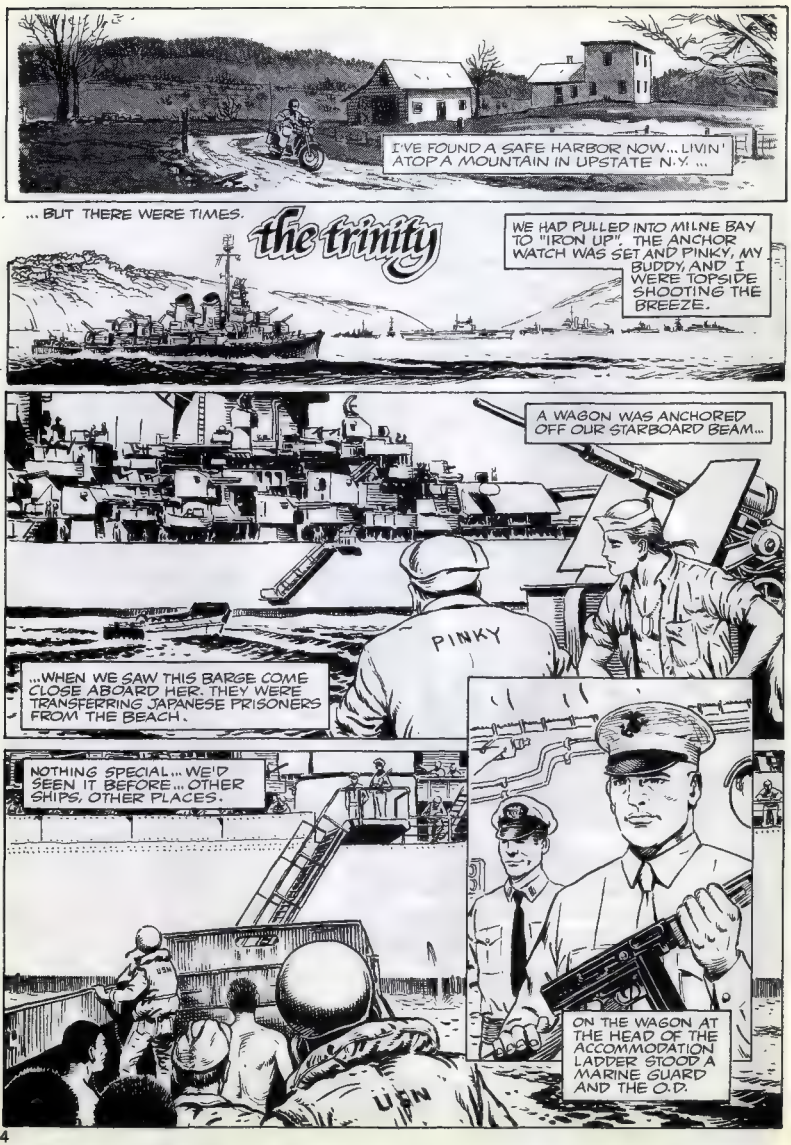
MMMMMM THAT MUST BE HIM. JUST AS BIG AS SMILEY SAID
HEY, WHERE D'YA THINK YER GOIN'?
YOU TELL ME.
5th FLOOR, APARTMENT C.
THANKS.
8

MMMM..THAT BOMB SHOULD HAVE GONE OFF THE MOMENT HE TRIED TO OPEN THE DOOR.
ARE YOU SURE YOU TOLD HIM THE RIGHT APARTMENT?
YEAH, YEAH. PTUH. JUST GIVE IT A CHANCE, WILL YA?
HEY, SKELL. I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU.
YOU LEFT THAT UPSTAIRS.
KABOOM
9

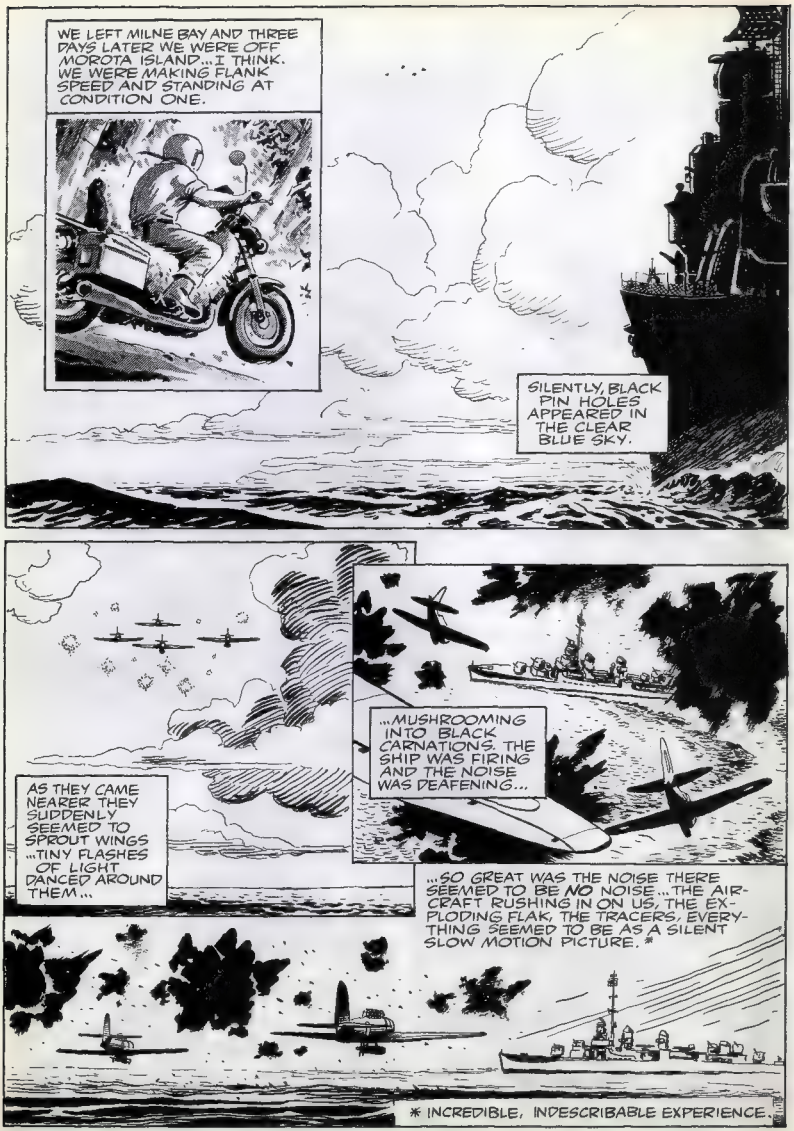
RELAX. HE'LL NEVER FIND YOU HERE.
--HOWEVER BONDSMAN AGENT BANE SAYS THAT THE BOMB WAS MEANT FOR HIM, BUT WAS PREMATURELY SET OFF, KILLING HIS WOULD-BE ASSAILANTS.
THEY FAILED. THEY COULDN'T KILL HIM. HE'S STILL ALIVE.
BLAM
BLAM
PLEASE BANE. I DIDN'T KNOW THEY WERE GOING TO TRY TO KILL YOU. PLEASE. I DON'T WANNA DIE.
I WASN'T SETTING YOU UP. I WAS JUST WARNING EICHORN, THAT'S ALL.
THEN WHY DIDJA SEND THOSE MEN AFTER ME? HE'S LYING, DADDY.
WHA--? N-N-NO, BANE, PLEASE PLEASE DON'T KILL ME. I--
STOP YOUR WHINING! YOU SHOULD FEEL HONORED.
I HARDLY EVER DO THIS FOR FREE!
END

OF WAR AND PEACE - TALES BY MAS

I DO NOT WISH TO SPEAK OF WAR. BUT I MUST... FOR THOSE WHO HAVE DIED AND CANNOT.
I'M AN OLD MAN NOW, AND THE OLDER I GET THE MORE TIME SEEMS TO MOVE IN REVERSE... I KEEP GOING BACK...
...GOING BACK IN TIME...TO THEN...
PEARL HARBOR. OVER 2,400 MEN DIED THAT DAY...
...THE DESTROYER SHAW ERUPTED, SPEWING ITS ENTRAILS IN A BLINDING EXPLOSION...
...THE U.S.S. TENNESSEE, WEST VIRGINIA AND THE MARYLAND BURNED FIERCELY... SCREAMING IN AGONY...
WHEN WAS THAT WAR? OVER 40 YEARS AGO? YEAH, MORE'N 40 YEARS... ANCIENT HISTORY, RIGHT? YEAH, ANCIENT HISTORY.
...WHILE THE U.S.S. OKLAHOMA, HEAVING A GREAT SIGH, CAPSIZED, ROLLED OVER AND DIED.


I'VE FOUND A SAFE HARBOR NOW... LIVIN' ATOP A MOUNTAIN IN UPSTATE N.Y. ...
... BUT THERE WERE TIMES.
the trinity
WE HAD PULLED INTO MILNE BAY TO "IRON UP". THE ANCHOR WATCH WAS SET AND PINKY, MY BUDDY, AND I WERE TOPSIDE SHOOTING THE BREEZE.
A WAGON WAS ANCHORED OFF OUR STARBOARD BEAM...
PINKY
...WHEN WE SAW THIS BARGE COME CLOSE ABOARD HER. THEY WERE TRANSFERRING JAPANESE PRISONERS FROM THE BEACH.
NOTHING SPECIAL... WE'D SEEN IT BEFORE... OTHER SHIPS, OTHER PLACES.
ON THE WAGON AT THE HEAD OF THE ACCOMMODATION LADDER STOOD A MARINE GUARD AND THE O.D.
USN

SOMETHING 'BOUT THAT GYRENE GOT ME TO THINKING... WHERE HAD HE BEEN? GUADALCANAL?
...GUADALCANAL ...WHERE THE HELLISH TERROR MADE THE WORD NOT A NAME BUT AN EMOTION...
...RAIN-SOAKED SOUR SMELLING JUNGLE, RAVINES, RIDGES AND A HUMIDITY THAT ROTTED A BODY WITHIN HOURS. SPIDERS AS BIG AS YOUR FIST, LEECHES THAT DROPPED FROM TREES...
...LIZARDS AS LONG AS YOUR LEG AND RATS, ENORMOUS RATS, EVERYWHERE.
WHERE HAD HE BEEN? SAIPAN? GUAM? OR...TINIAN? TINIAN, WHERE FOR THE *FIRST* TIME THE HORRENDOUS NAPALM WAS USED.

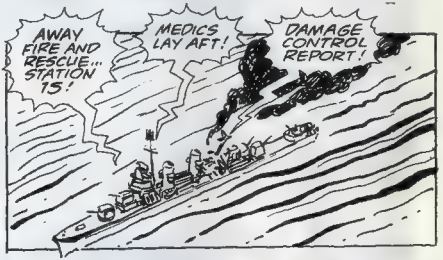

WE LEFT MILNE BAY AND THREE DAYS LATER WE WERE OFF MOROTA ISLAND... I THINK. WE WERE MAKING FLANK SPEED AND STANDING AT CONDITION ONE.
SILENTLY, BLACK PIN HOLES APPEARED IN THE CLEAR BLUE SKY.
AS THEY CAME NEARER THEY SUDDENLY SEEMED TO SPROUT WINGS ...TINY FLASHES OF LIGHT DANCED AROUND THEM...
...MUSHROOMING INTO BLACK CARNATIONS. THE SHIP WAS FIRING AND THE NOISE WAS DEAFENING...
...SO GREAT WAS THE NOISE THERE SEEMED TO BE NO NOISE... THE AIRCRAFT RUSHING IN ON US, THE EXPLODING FLAK, THE TRACERS, EVERYTHING SEEMED TO BE AS A SILENT SLOW MOTION PICTURE. *
* INCREDIBLE, INDESCRIBABLE EXPERIENCE.

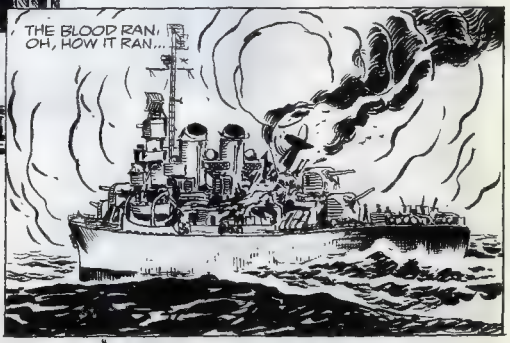
A HIT! A HIT! A BLACK CARNATION TURNS INTO A GIGANTIC ROSE.
ANOTHER HIT. TWO TORPEDO BOMBERS HAVE LITERALLY DISAPPEARED.
ANOTHER, CRIPPLED AND LIMPING, CART-WHEELED OVER OUR BULL NOSE IN A CRAZY PINWHEEL OF DEATH.
THE LAST ???
KAMIKAZE!! KAMIKAZE!! KNOCK HIM DOWN! GET HIM! GET HIM!

WHOOMP

THE DEAD, TWISTED AND SHATTERED, TORN APART, LIE STILL.

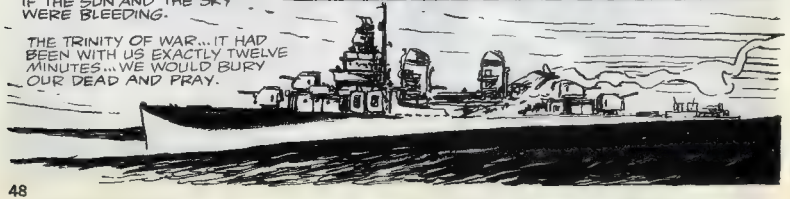
THE LIVE CRAWL ABOUT IN A NIGHTMARE WORLD OF SHOCK, SCREAM AND SHOUT, CURSING AND CRYING, AND ABOVE ALL THE HORROR THE UNEARTHLY VOICE OF THE P.A.

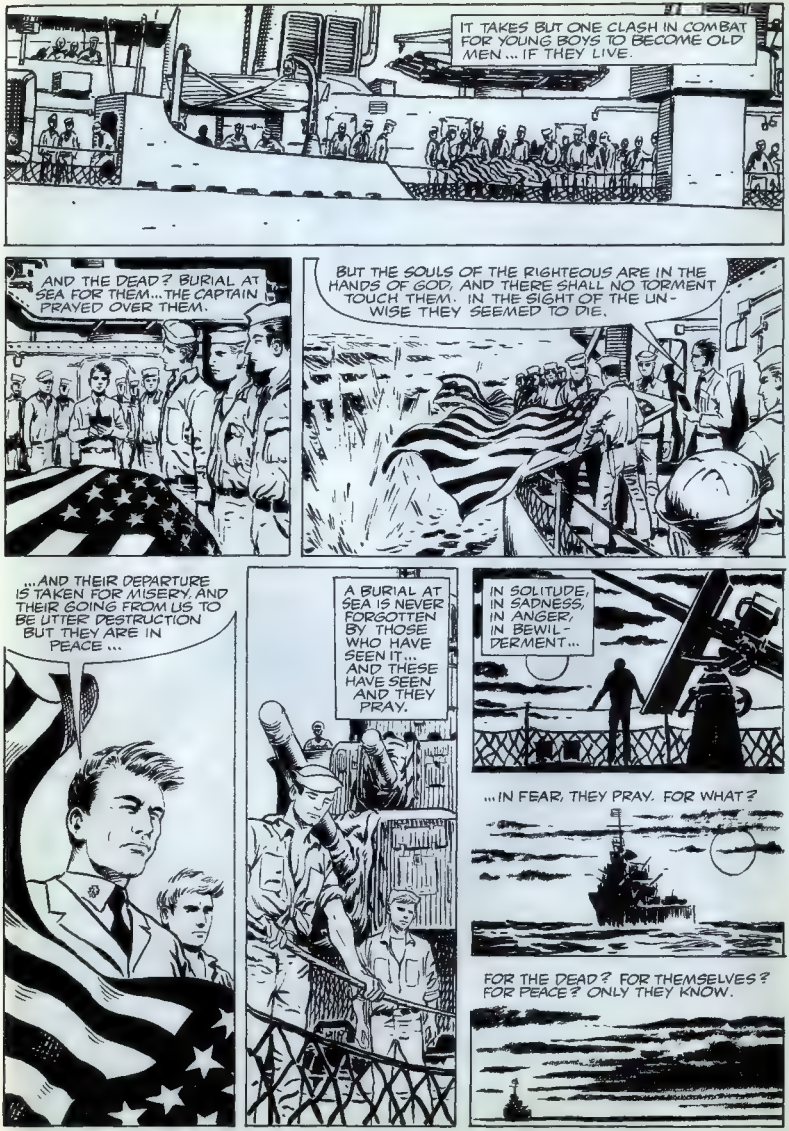




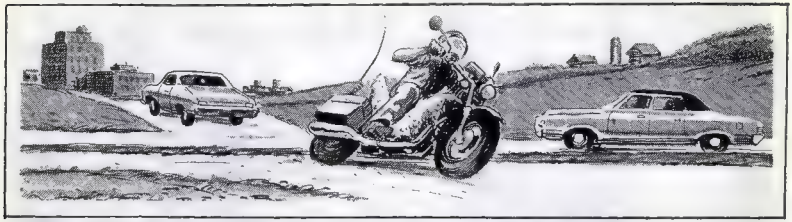
...THE LIVE WERE SATURATED WITH IT, THE DEAD LAY IN IT, THE SHIP WAS COVERED WITH IT... CAN SO MUCH BLOOD BE IN MAN? AND... AND... OH GOD!! IT APPEARED AS IF THE SUN AND THE SKY WERE BLEEDING.

THE TRINITY OF WAR... IT HAD BEEN WITH US EXACTLY TWELVE MINUTES... WE WOULD BURY OUR DEAD AND PRAY.

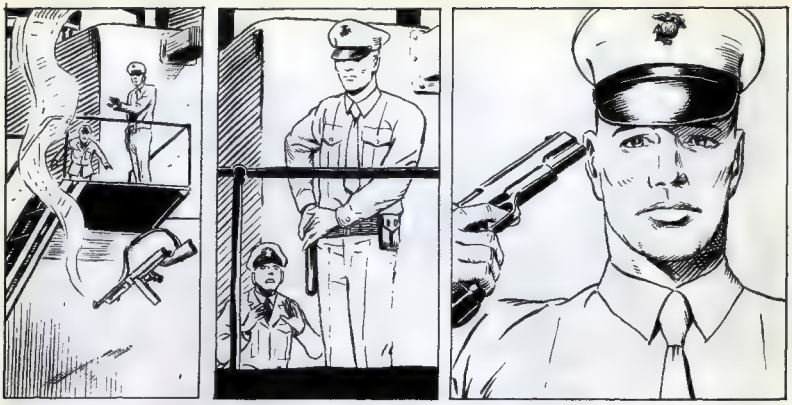



IT TAKES BUT ONE CLASH IN COMBAT FOR YOUNG BOYS TO BECOME OLD MEN ... IF THEY LIVE.
AND THE DEAD? BURIAL AT SEA FOR THEM... THE CAPTAIN PRAYED OVER THEM.
BUT THE SOULS OF THE RIGHTEOUS ARE IN THE HANDS OF GOD, AND THERE SHALL NO TORMENT TOUCH THEM. IN THE SIGHT OF THE UNWISE THEY SEEMED TO DIE.
...AND THEIR DEPARTURE IS TAKEN FOR MISERY, AND THEIR GOING FROM US TO BE UTTER DESTRUCTION BUT THEY ARE IN PEACE ...
A BURIAL AT SEA IS NEVER FORGOTTEN BY THOSE WHO HAVE SEEN IT... AND THESE HAVE SEEN AND THEY PRAY.
IN SOLITUDE, IN SADNESS, IN ANGER, IN BEWILDERMENT...
...IN FEAR, THEY PRAY. FOR WHAT?
FOR THE DEAD? FOR THEMSELVES? FOR PEACE? ONLY THEY KNOW.

...NO MATTER HOW MUCH, HOW FAST, OR HOW FAR I RIDE... I KEEP THINKING OF THAT GYRENE ...AND MILNE BAY.



WHERE HAD HE BEEN?
BRATT
TAT



PINKY AND I JUST STOOD THERE ... WITHOUT SPEAKING ... FOR A LONG TIME ... I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT THOUGHTS WENT THROUGH MY HEAD.

THEY THAT SURVIVED THE WAR ... THE COMBAT ... WOULD YOU SPEAK OF WAR TO THEM? PERHAPS ... IF YOU DO NOT KNOW WAR. BUT THEY WILL NOT SPEAK OF IT. FOR THEY KNOW THE TRINITY OF WAR ... BLOOD ... PAIN ... AND DEATH.

PROLOGUE...
TUMP!
TUMP!
FHHH...

FLOF!!
..HHH
TUMP!

FLOF!!

...FHH...
...FHH...

FOR SP4 KENNY McMICHAELS, THE SWIFTNESS WITH WHICH THE WORLD HAD GONE MAD WAS INCOMPREHENSIBLE. OVERNIGHT THE ROUTINE OF PEACETIME PATROL HAD BEEN SHATTERED. TWO OF HIS CLOSEST FRIENDS HAD MET GRISLY DEATHS. AND NOW EVERY STEP SEEMED TO DRAW HIM DEEPER INTO INSANITY, DEEPER INTO THE GAPING MAW OF THE...

WAR ZONE

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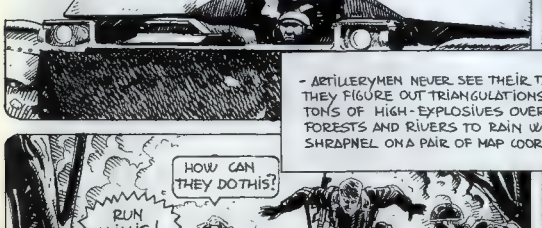
THE HORROR BEGINS WITH THE SHOCK OF THE UNEXPECTED... FAMILIAR THINGS TURN SUDDENLY MALIGN AND BLUDGEON THE SENSES UNTIL THEY REEL. COVERLESS GROUND FILLS YOU WITH DREAD.

24 HOURS EARLIER, HE AND HIS BUDDIES WERE WALKING LAZILY IN THE LATE AFTERNOON SUN THROUGH AN ALPINE PASTURE IN THE THÜRINGER WALD, ON A NATO RECONNAISSANCE PATROL OF THE EAST GERMAN BORDER.
DON'T THIS LOOK A LOT LIKE PENNSYLVANIA TO YOU, LIEUTENANT? LIKE AROUND SCRANTON.
NOT AT ALL...
MAN, THIS RUCK'S ABOUT TO BREAK MY BACK!
IMPOSED BY SHEER POLITICAL WILL UPON AN UNPROTESTING LANDSCAPE, THE BORDER FORTIFICATIONS THAT DEFINE THE IRON CURTAIN STRETCH UNBROKEN ACROSS NEARLY A THOUSAND MILES OF GERMAN TERRITORY.
WHAT'S THE MATTER, MARK? IS TODAY'S ARMY TOO TOUGH FOR YOU?
YEAH. THIS AIN'T A JOB, MARK. IT'S AN ADVENTURE!
I GOTTA REMEMBER THAT, WILLIE. AN ADVENTURE!
OKAY, MEN, WE'LL HANG FIRE HERE UNTIL DARK. I WANT A SECURITY CIRCLE SET UP. WE'RE DOING A NIGHT PATROL UP THE LINE.
ON EITHER SIDE, THE WAR MACHINES OF NATO AND THE WARSAW PACT, MORE THAN A MILLION MEN IN ARMS, ARE POISED AT HAIR-TRIGGER ALERT.
-THE LIEUTENANT IS GOING IN TO HIS BOY SCOUT ROUTINE AGAIN, KENNY.
YEAH, I KNOW. THE CLOSER WE GET TO THE BORDER THE MORE NERVOUS HE GETS.
CAN'T BLAME HIM THOUGH. IF WE'D GONE THROUGH WEST POINT WE'D PROBABLY DO EVERYTHING BY THE BOOK TOO. THEN AGAIN, IT'S NOT AS IF ANYTHING IS GOING TO HAPPEN...

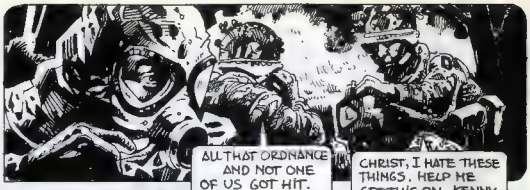
EEEEEEEEEE
WHAT TH!
ARTILLERY!!
KRRAA BOOOOM
KRRBOOM!
ONLY A FEW MILES AWAY, FROM CAREFULLY CHOSEN POSITIONS, THE 105mm. HOWITZERS AND TANKS OPEN UP ON THEIR TARGETS SIMULTANEOUSLY. THE SELF PROPELLED 155mm. GUNS JOIN IN THE THUNDERING CHORUS HURLING PROJECTILES EQUIVALENT IN MASS TO A CHEVY V-8 ENGINE BLOCK UP TO FOUR MILES AWAY...
BLAM

WITH A FURY THAT SPLITS THE EARTH AND RENDS THE SKY, ROUND AFTER HIGH EXPLOSIVE ROUND COMES SCREAMING INTO THE HILLSIDE.

- ARTILLERYMEN NEVER SEE THEIR TARGETS. THEY FIGURE OUT TRIANGULATIONS TO LOB TONS OF HIGH-EXPLOSIVES OVER HILLS, FORESTS AND RIVERS TO RAIN WHITE HOT SHRAPNEL ON A PAIR OF MAP COORDINATES.



THE REDS ARE POUNDING THE WHOLE BORDER! THEY MUST BE ROLLING OVER THE WIRE! LOCK AND LOAD! SAFETIES OFF! GET ON YOUR CBR MASKS!

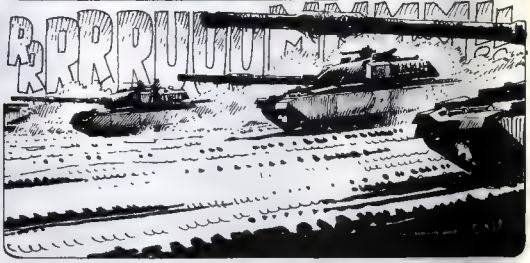


ALL THAT ORDINANCE AND NOT ONE OF US GOT HIT. WE SHOULD HAVE PLAYED THE LOTTERY.

CHRIST, I HATE THESE THINGS. HELP ME GET THIS ON, KENNY. QUICK!

LOMAX! COVER THE LEFT FLANK! MOVE IT! BRANSON, GET THAT M60 SET UP ON THE RIGHT!

AFTER AN HOUR OF RELENTLESS BOMBARDMENT, THE BARRAGE CEASES AS ABRUPTLY AS IT BEGAN. IN THE EERIE SILENCE THAT FOLLOWS, SHOCK SLOWLY GIVES WAY TO NUMBED BEWILDERMENT. THE SQUAD HUDDLES TOGETHER, AS IF PARALYZED, UNABLE TO FATHOM THE EVENTS THAT HAVE OVERTAKEN THEM.

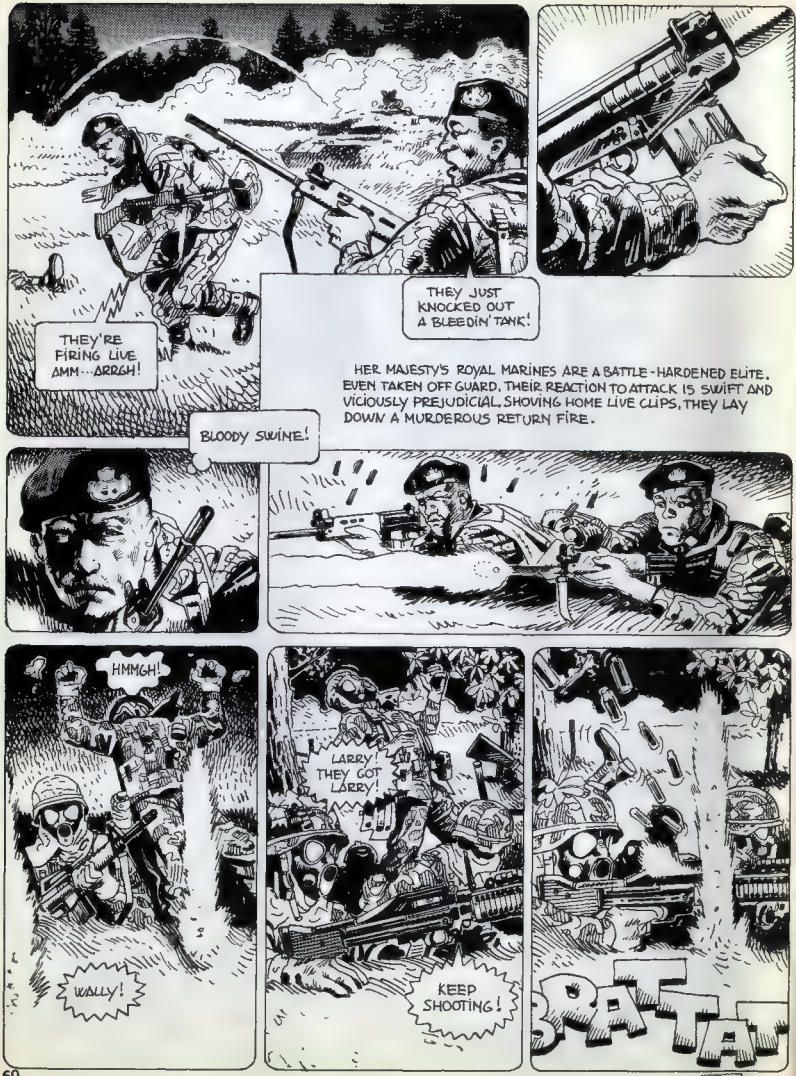


THE SQUADMEMBERS HUNCH APPREHENSIVELY, PULSES POUNDING, THEIR SENSES MUFFLED BY AIRTIGHT MASKS, STRAINING FOR ANY SOUND, ANY SIGN THAT WHAT THEY JUST WITNESSED MIGHT BE ONLY A BAD DREAM. THEN THEY HEAR IT. THE UNMISTAKABLE RUMBLE OF TRACKED VEHICLES HEAVY ARMOR MOVING. THE SOUND OF **INVASION.**

RUUMBLE

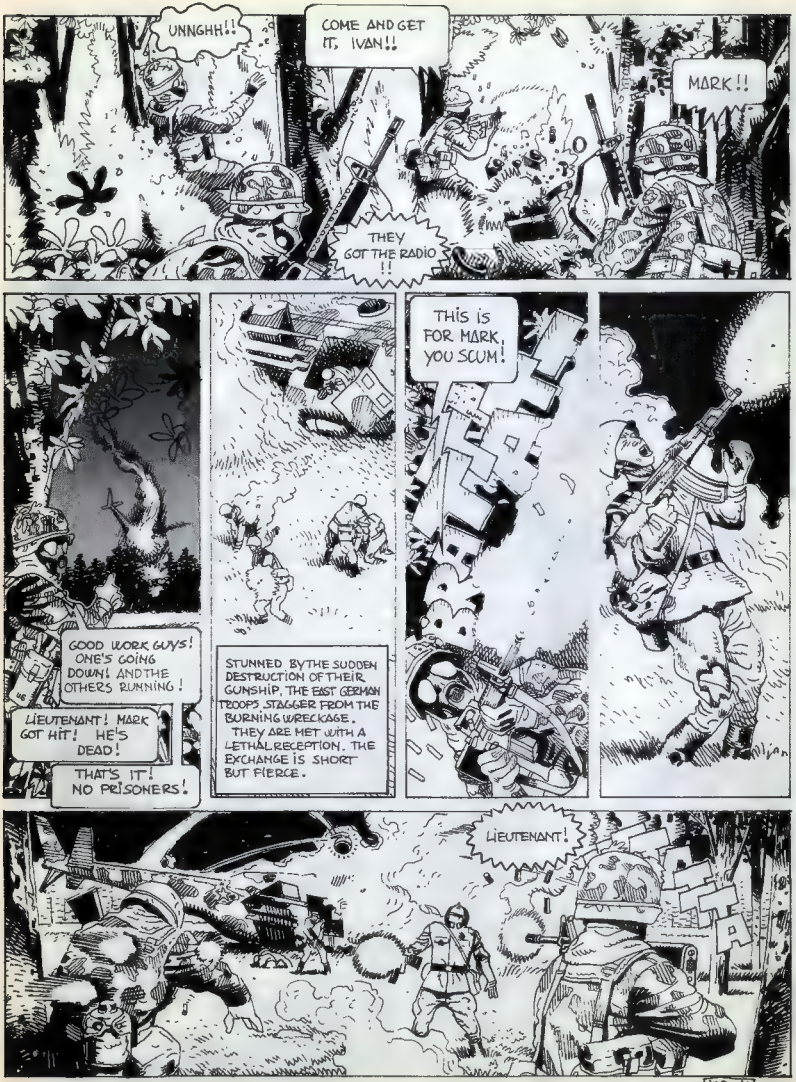
SHOOT! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! THIS IS IT!

I CAN'T SEE MUCH THROUGH THIS GAS!
THEY NEVER TOLD US IT COULD HAPPEN LIKE THIS -- SIX GUYS AGAINST A RED SHOCK ARMY!
WHY DID THEY DO THIS! WHY COULDN'T THEY STAY ON THEIR OWN SIDE OF THE BORDER! NOW WE ALL HAVE TO DIE!
I'VE NEVER KILLED ANYONE BEFORE... I DON'T WANT TO SEE HIS FACE... IT'S HIM OR ME... HIM OR..
CRAK!
GNNNGH!!
BRI!
BRI'S BEEN SHOT! HE'S BLOODY.. DEAD!


THEY'RE FIRING LIVE AMM...ARRGH!
THEY JUST KNOCKED OUT A BLEEDIN' TANK!
HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL MARINES ARE A BATTLE-HARDENED ELITE. EVEN TAKEN OFF GUARD, THEIR REACTION TO ATTACK IS SWIFT AND VICIOUSLY PREJUDICIAL. SHOVING HOME LIVE CLIPS, THEY LAY DOWN A MURDEROUS RETURN FIRE.
BLOODY SWINE!
HMMGH!
WALLY!
LARRY! THEY GOT LARRY!
KEEP SHOOTING!
RAT TAT

- GET ME FIELD OPERATIONS. THIS IS COLONEL PRYCE, ROYAL MARINES, 3RD BATTALION. I HAVE BEEN RECEIVING SMALL ARMS FIRE FROM THE AMERICAN SECTOR. I HAVE AT LEAST A DOZEN CASUALTIES. WILL SOMEONE TELL ME JUST WHAT IS GOING ON?!
OPERATION WALKING SHIVA WAS A COMBINED EFFORT ON THE PART OF THE SIX MEMBER NATIONS OF NATO TO TEST THE READINESS AND MOBILITY OF WEST GERMAN FORWARD DEFENSES. OVER TEN THOUSAND MEN HADE BEEN DEPLOYED ALONG A WIDE FRONT TO SIMULATE A SURPRISE ATTACK BY WARSAW PACT GROUND FORCES. TO HEIGHTEN REALISM, THE ENTIRE OPERATION WAS KEPT TOP SECRET. DEFENDING COMMANDERS WERE GIVEN THEIR ORDERS ONLY 24 HOURS IN ADVANCE.
GENERAL! SIR, WE'VE GOT REPORTS OF FATALITIES IN THE THURINGER WALD. THERE'S A UNIT ON HILL 473 USING LIVE AMMUNITION.
US ARMY
CAPTAIN. THEY'RE GOING TO SCREW UP MY WHOLE OPERATION. I WANT THOSE PEOPLE ON THE HORN RIGHT NOW!
SON, YOU HAD BETTER BE PULLING MY LEG.
IT'S A RECONNAISSANCE PATROL, SIR! APPARENTLY THEY WERE NEVER INFORMED OF THE EXERCISE... SOMEBODY AT GROUP OPS. DROPPED THE BALL...
I'M SORRY, SIR. MY ORDERS WERE TO NOT ACKNOWLEDGE UNSCRAMBLED TRANSMISSIONS. YES, SIR, I'LL BE HAPPY TO GIVE YOU MY COORDINATES SIR, IF YOU CAN GIVE ME THE CURRENT SECURITY CODE.
- NOW LISTEN YOU TRIGGER-HAPPY BABOON, YOU GIVE ME YOUR POSITION AND PRONTO! I'VE GOT MEN MOVING ALL OVER YOUR SECTOR ARMED WITH BLANKS AND I AM NOT GOING TO HAVE YOU SCREWING UP THE WORKS! NOW YOU HAND OVER THOSE COORDINATES BEFORE I BUST YOU DOWN TO NOTHING!
YEAH, BLANKS. I'VE GOT TWO MEN DEAD FROM THOSE BLANKS. IT'S ANOTHER COMMIE TRICK!
THIS CAN'T BE REAL. LARRY AND WALLY DEAD? IT CAN'T BE.
PACK UP! WE'VE GOT TO MOVE OUT BEFORE THEY FIND US. C'MON, MCMICHAELS, YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING FOR THOSE TWO NOW.
THERE'S NO TELLING HOW FAR OUR POSITIONS HAVE BEEN OVERRUN. FROM HERE ON, OUR JOB IS GOING TO BE HARASSMENT.

FOR KENNY MCMICHAELS, YESTERDAY'S ADVENTURE HAS BECOME A HIDEOUS NIGHTMARE AS HIS SQUAD PICKS ITS WAY CAUTIOUSLY THROUGH THE DENSE SULPHUROUS FOG, HE STRUGGLES WITH DISBELIEF...
WE ARE GOING TO COME OUT OF THIS FOG AND SEE EVERYTHING IS ALRIGHT... THE RUSSIANS HAVENT INVADED... IT'S SOME KIND OF MIXUP...
TAKE COVER!
CHOPPERS!
ENEMY GUNSHIPS! WHAT DO WE DO LIEUTENANT ?
"THEY HAVENT SEEN US. GOOD, TAKE 'EM OUT. AIM FOR THE TURBINES.
ВЫСТРЕЛЯЛИ НАС. ВЫСТРЕЛЯЛИ НАС !!
UNDER NORMAL BATTLE CONDITIONS, THE MI-24 IS INVULNERABLE TO SMALL ARMS FIRE AND CAN SURVIVE DIRECT HITS FROM 20mm GUNS. BUT THIS WAS A SIMPLE BORDER PATROL MISSION AND THE GROUND CREW DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD HURT TO LET ONE SHIP GO OUT WITH A MISSING ARMORED PANEL ON THE TURBINE COWLING...


UNNGHH!!
COME AND GET IT, IVAN!!
MARK!!
THEY GOT THE RADIO !!
GOOD WORK GUYS! ONE'S GOING DOWN! AND THE OTHERS RUNNING!
LIEUTENANT! MARK GOT HIT! HE'S DEAD!
THAT'S IT! NO PRISONERS!
STUNNED BY THE SUDDEN DESTRUCTION OF THEIR GUNSHIP, THE EAST GERMAN TROOPS STAGGER FROM THE BURNING WRECKAGE. THEY ARE MET WITH A LETHAL RECEPTION. THE EXCHANGE IS SHORT BUT FIERCE.
THIS is FOR MARK, YOU SCUM!
LIEUTENANT!

TRAILING SMOKE FROM ELECTRICAL FIRES, ITS TARGETING SYSTEM USELESS, THE SECOND MI-24 LIMPS BACK TO BASE

ALL ALONG THE BORDER THE TENSION MOUNTS, AS THE EAST BLOCK FORCES WAIT FOR INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE **KREMLIN**

YES SIR, MR. AMBASSADOR, I FULLY REALIZE THE INTERNATIONAL IMPLICATIONS. NO, SIR, THEY HAVE NOT ACKNOWLEDGED ANY FURTHER TRANSMISSION. YES, SIR, YOU CAN REST ASSURED THAT WE WILL TAKE EVERY POSSIBLE STEP TO INSURE THAT THIS MADNESS STOPS BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE...

-THOSE IDIOTS ARE GOING TO RUIN MY CAREER AND START **WORLD WAR III**. ORDER THAT DUTCH ARMORED COLUMN AT FULDA TO MAKE A SWEEP OF THE AREA. BRING IN ALL OTHER AVAILABLE FORCES. THEIR ORDERS ARE...

BUT... YES SIR!

...TO SEARCH AND DESTROY! DO YOU UNDERSTAND, CAPTAIN? THEY ARE TO EXERCISE EXTREME PREJUDICE! AND GET ME WASHINGTON ON THE HORN!

OBLIVIOUS OF THE FLURRY OF COMMUNICATIONS RACING THROUGH THE **DOD** SATELLITE NET EVEN NOW DETERMINING HIS FATE, KENNY SITS BESIDE HIS FALLEN COMRADE, WAITING OUT THE NIGHT.

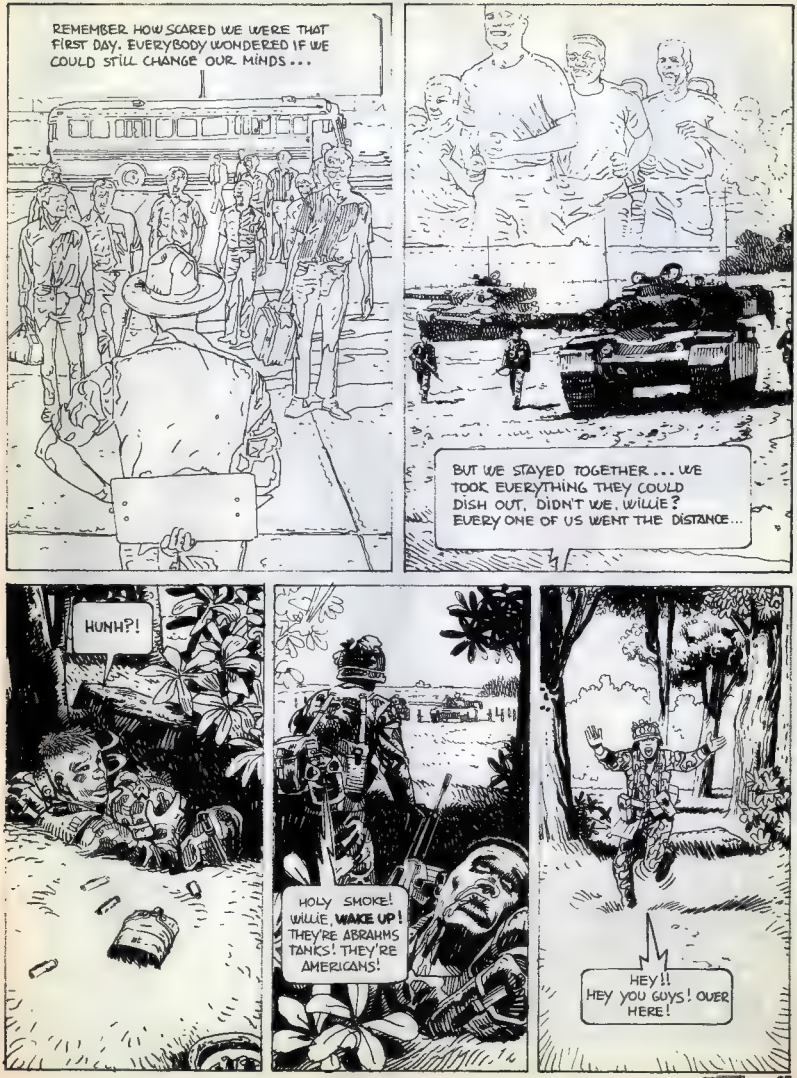
WE STOPPED THEM.. KOF!---DIDN'T WE, KENNY? KOF!--WE SHOWED 'EM...

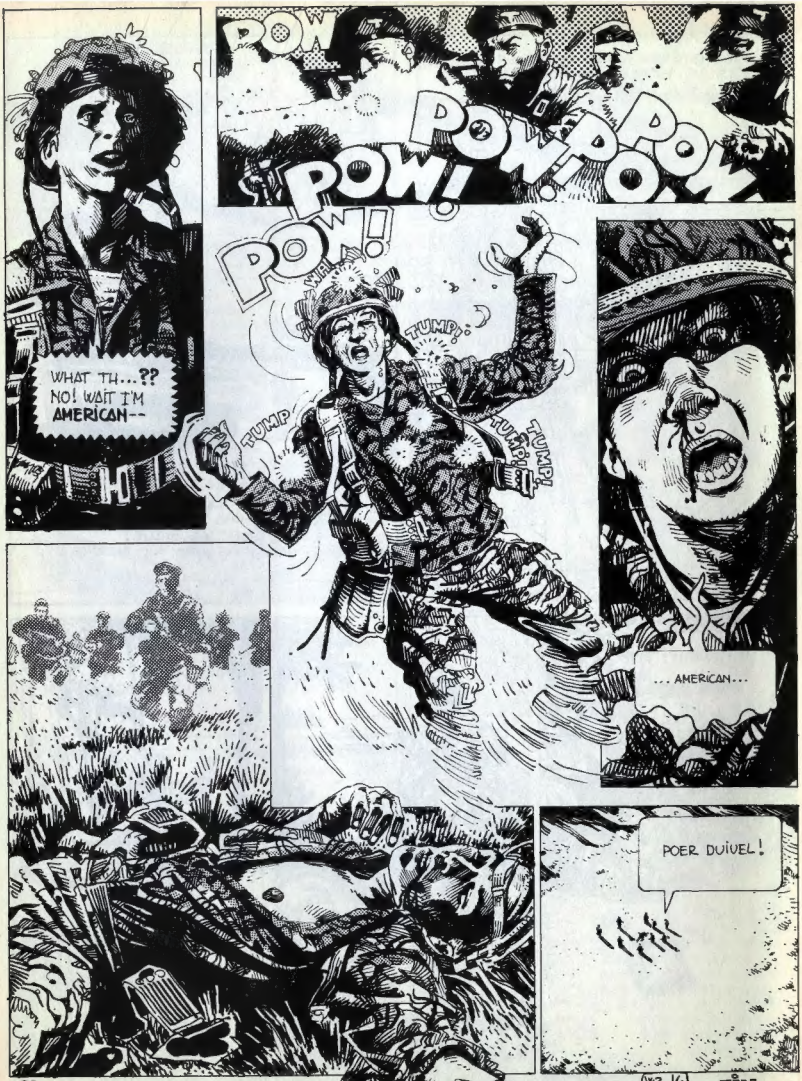
YEAH, WILLIE.. WE SHOWED 'EM. JUST A FEW GUYS FROM SPRINGFIELD BUT WE STOOD UP TO 'EM.

PIZZERIA

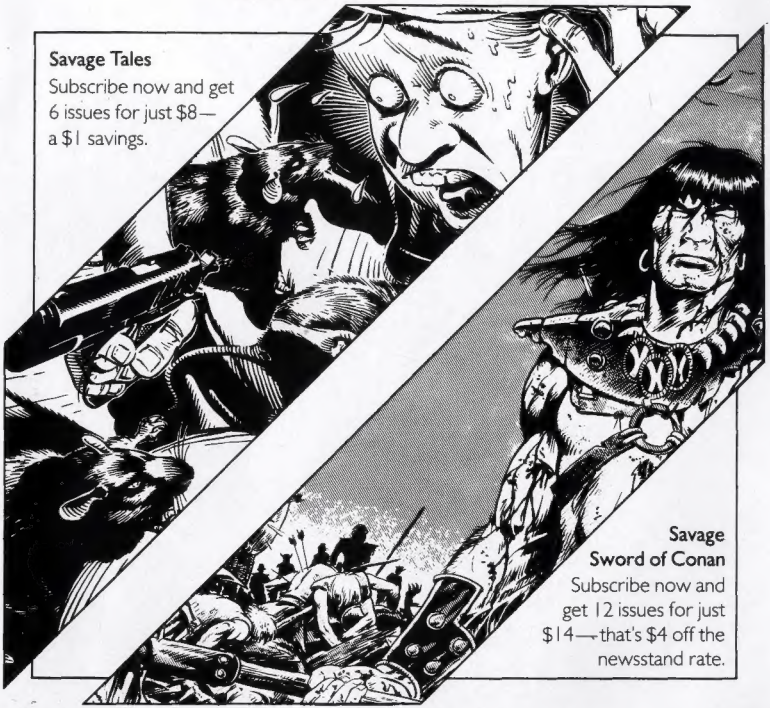
COUNTRY DELICATESSEN

IF THEY COULD ONLY SEE US BACK ON THE OLD BLOCK, HUH WILLIE? WE COULD'VE RUN WE COULD'VE LAID LOW AND HID... BUT SOMEBODY HAD TO MAKE A STAND. SOMEBODY HAD TO DO THE JOB-- AND WE WERE HERE!


REMEMBER HOW SCARED WE WERE THAT FIRST DAY. EVERYBODY WONDERED IF WE COULD STILL CHANGE OUR MINDS...
BUT WE STAYED TOGETHER... WE TOOK EVERYTHING THEY COULD DISH OUT, DIDN'T WE, WILLIE? EVERY ONE OF US WENT THE DISTANCE...
HUNH?!
HOLY SMOKE! WILLIE, WAKE UP! THEY'RE ABRAHMS TANKS! THEY'RE AMERICANS!
HEY!! HEY YOU GUYS! OVER HERE!


POW!
POW!
POW!
POW!
WHAT TH...??
NO! WAIT I'M
AMERICAN--
TUMP!
TUMP!
TUMP!
... AMERICAN...
POER DUIVEL!
WZ 14
FIN

Never has so much Savagery Cost so Little



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